

Grown To Love

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Summary:

Eddie had always liked boys. He figured that out only a few months ago. He wasn't sure if he liked girls too, but he knew he was attracted to boys, without a doubt. And when he realized his preference, he also realized something he never knew he was burying inside himself until then.

He had grown to love Richie.

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Author's Note:

Hello!! I told you I'd write about these two adorable boys. After drawing for hours on end, I think this is a good way to unwind. Just a fan fiction I've thought about actually writing for about a week now. :)

P.s I'm sorry if I get any facts wrong it's 11:30 and I'm kinda exhausted after the past two weeks. I haven't seen either It movies in awhile and I haven't finished the book aaagghh

p.p.s yeah i had no idea what to title this ackkggh--

The Losers Club had very few members. Seven, but one had moved away and the boys were certain they would never see her again. So they were left with six; Bill, Richie, Eddie, Mike, Ben, and Stanley. Eddie would miss the seventh member, Beverly, but he did sort of like the group being back to just boys. Eddie was an original member. He had been a part of the Club since it was just Bill, Richie, Stanley, and himself. The Club had existed for years but only now had it grown. And over those years, everyone changed, including Eddie.

Eddie had always liked boys. He figured that out only a few months ago. He wasn't sure if he liked girls too, but he knew he was attracted to boys, without a doubt. And when he realized his preference, he also realized something he never knew he was burying inside himself until then.

He had grown to love Richie.

Now, Eddie loved everyone in the Losers Club. He might be a grouchy person at times and they all teased each other, but he was genuinely happy to have such great friends, despite his mother's panic about him being near them. But the love he felt was not a feeling of... not hating, but rather the romantic type. Pure admiration for the other. He secretly loved Richie's impressions, his calm mood, his jokes, his nicknames for people, everything... and he was sure he loved him more after the traumatic summer he endured.

The fact that they were being persecuted and terrorized by a demon clown was not fun. But said clown giving him a reason to stay closer to Richie was by far the best part of his summer. When It decided to blink out of a projector, Eddie had an excuse to run to Richie. And when It was about to kill them as they were standing around him, Richie actually cupped his face. He put his hands on Eddie's cheeks and turned him towards his face. The fact that the impressionist willingly made contact with him was astonishing. So astonishing that it stunned him. In that moment, Eddie had forgotten about It or his dislocated arm or the warmth of Richie's actual hands...

So now Eddie was suffering from a difficult choice. He could try to confess or at least tell one other club member about his crush to at least vent all the bottled up stress and love inside of his chest. But, if he's rejected or if the club member thinks he's weird for being queer... it could be the end of his membership in the club. The thought made him want to collapse on the ground, but he steadied himself. He felt light headed from the stumble. He was trying to get out of the habit of using his inhaler, unless it was a dire emergency, and so far, it had been a struggle.

"Edds, you okay?" Richie said from up ahead. Eddie nodded, stood back up, and caught up with the others. They were all talking about... actually Eddie didn't know. He was lost in his thoughts. He was trying to make a plan to tell Richie. And so far, it was just to be alone and tell him. It was so vague and undeveloped. It was irritatingly unfinished. He was trying to complete it, but Richie walking right beside him was putting a tremendous amount of stress on his shoulders. He wanted to be isolated for a second to think. Oh well. It might be his last time with the Losers Club. Why not just perfect the plan later?

Eddie eventually did just that. He had been getting ready for the day and it had come to him: why not just invite everyone over, say something to get alone time with Richie, then he could try to muster up courage on the spot to say something.

After he had gotten ready, he asked his mother about the Losers staying over. Of course, she was hesitant, but he had made a deal

with her to convince her. Bringing it up was no problem. Getting everyone's permission was a breeze. The arrivals were easy. Putting the plan into action was the most unnerving part.

Everyone had settled down in the living room, watching TV. Eddie was trying to sort out the right words to say. Thankfully, it seemed to be handed to him.

"Hey, Edders, wanna get a snack?" Richie called, standing in the kitchen doorway. Eddie nodded, his hands shaking a little. Oh god, this was the chance. It was horrifying now that he was there, but it might be his only chance in a very long time. Still, he hoped Richie couldn't hear his heart hammering in his chest.

The two stood practically back to back as one raided the fridge and the other looked up and down the shelves in the pantry. Eddie slowly closed the door and glanced back to the boy scavenging sodas from the fridge.

"Richie...?" He began slowly. He didn't turn back to him, but acknowledged his call.

"Did you find anything good?" He said, checking expiration dates on food cans. Eddie's entire body was trembling. He shook his head.

"No... but there's something important I, uh..." Shit. He was freezing up. Not now, god, please no. The glasses-wearing boy turned back at him, putting the cans on the counter next to the fridge. He gave him a look that said "Okay what's more important than snacks?". Eddie looked down at his feet.

"I lo-" he was cut off as his chest started to tighten. His vision blurred and darkened at the corners. He fell to the ground, gasping for air. Richie fell in front of him. The coughing boy could barely hear his friend tell the others to look for his inhaler or anything that made him feel better and the thudding footsteps that followed.

There was a sudden feeling of warmth on his face. He looked up from the floor and saw that Richie was doing it again. He was holding his face.

“Eddie! Eddie! Say something, come on!” He shouted, his words muffled. But his friend was too overwhelmed to do anything. The others hadn’t shown any sign of finding Eddie’s medicine and had begun to look upstairs. He might pass out before they even reach the boy’s room. Something had to be done quick. But Richie was no professional! He didn’t know how to help at all. He too started to panic as he realized that. His hands felt numb as he looked at his best friend. Eddie was coughing and choking on nothing. And Richie could do nothing.

But, as he came to that conclusion, he realized he could do something. It might not help him at all and it might make things worse, but it was the only idea he had. He regained control in his dazed hands and lifted Eddie’s face up. He hesitated before he continued, but he kissed his friend, not on the cheek or forehead, but rather on his lips.

At first, both of them were absolutely horrified at what Richie had done. Then they took a moment to think and realize. Not only was it helping Eddie, but it wasn’t too bad of a kiss. Hell, the feeling of being this close to each other was great to them. The asthmatic’s fit calmed down soon after the kiss started, and he was able to enjoy the situation. Richie’s hands were still on his face, he was kissing him as well, and he didn’t seem to hate it (or him) at all. Both of them were delighted to be kissing each other.

Richie’s hands relaxed and drifted to the back of his best friend’s neck and to his back, pulling him close. Eddie simply complied. He realized that he could hear clearly again when he heard rapid footsteps then a complete stop. Dammit, they were caught. Oh well.

Eddie pulled back and laid his head on Richie’s chest. The attack might be over, but he was still exhausted from it. And Richie, just by being himself, was lulling him to sleep. His warm body and soft skin were like a pillow.

Richie turned to look at the others, moving one hand from Eddie to wave. The shorter boy heard something about the two of them finally being together, which was such a relief after the anxiety of hatred from them.

“Hey, guys, look! I caught myself an Eddie. He’s a sleepy one though, so don’t touch him.” Richie joked. Eddie smiled.

“Alright, get the hell off me before my mom sees.”

Author's Note:

well im posting this at 1 am and my friend is gonna see it sometime soon :") oh yeah, and more Reddie to come ;)